Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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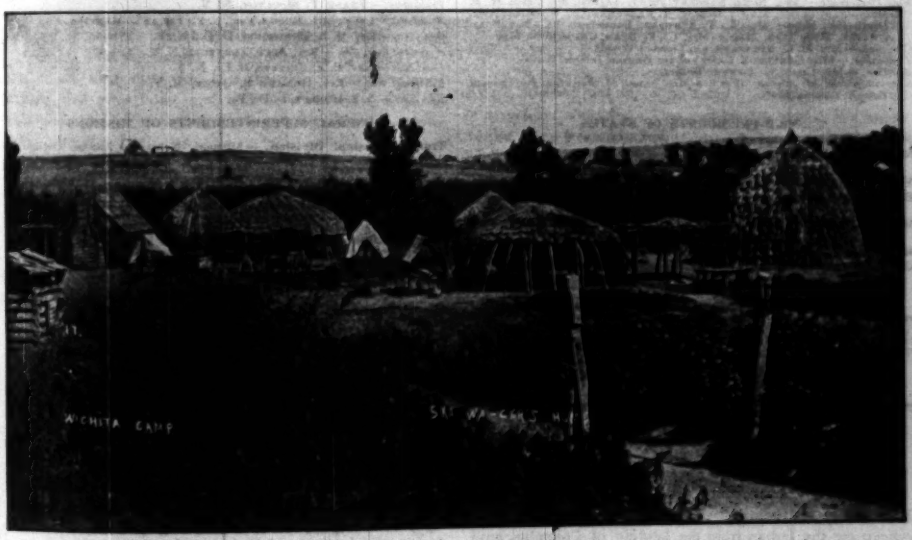

Wichita Camp, Oklahoma Territory

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1904"

JANUARY.
Our Southern Islands.
FEBRUARY.
The Farthest North.
MARCH.
The Greatest Problem.
APRIL.
Our Next Door Neighbors.
MAY.
From Across the Atlantic.
JUNE.
Anniversary Notes.
JULY.
Our Orientals.
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER.
America's Aborigines.
NOVEMBER.
A Wily Foe.
DECEMBER.
How Much Owest Thou?

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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THE *World's Work* of May, 1904, has an exceedingly interesting article entitled "The Last Race Rally of Indians." It gives valuable information concerning the Indian from the landing of Columbus until the present time. It has two maps, the first showing the different Indian tribes in North America when Columbus came, and the second the Indian country of to-day.

ON pages 5 and 6 you will find a full description of the Indian Orphan's Home by Doctor Murrow. We are glad to print this article, and hope that the way will be opened for Doctor Murrow to accomplish all of his plans. As our share in this good work, we are pledged to support two teachers in this Home.

"Do It Now"

"SHOULD you go into one of the large wholesale houses of Chicago, you would see hanging in many places a card on which is printed in large, clear letters this charge: 'Do It Now.' It is for those employed by the house, and the meaning is that whatever task is before them they must do at once. In plainer words it says: 'Whatever can be done to-day must not be put off until to-morrow.' The clerk who is inclined to think that the duty, especially if it be some small task, can easily wait, that there is really no need to 'hurry,' is constantly coming face to face with this card and the words, 'Do It Now.'

"Let us, too, keep this charge in mind. Let it speak to us of time that is too precious to waste in waiting to do that which should be done now. There is no time like the present, the 'now' that is ours. What can be done this moment ought not to be put off to the next."

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. VIII. OCTOBER, 1904 No. 10

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

OCTOBER finds the vacation season over, our schools reopened, our teachers in their places, and the women in our churches carefully planning their work for the year. As you systematically plan your home and church work will you be as equally careful in arranging for regular systematic work in missionary lines?

In this number of the ECHOES you will find a corrected list of our schools and teachers up to date. Make yourself acquainted with them all. Few changes have been made. At Mather and at Winton two new names appear in place of those of last year. Miss Bessie Moseley will assist Miss Gowan at Santiago, Cuba, while a teacher whose name will appear later has been engaged for Manzillio, Cuba. Miss Jennie J. Bolles, of Hartford, Conn., takes up the work in Mexico City, and we hope much from her presence and help in that important field. We are also to support a teacher in El Porvenir, a new and promising field in Mexico, not far from Monterey. In Alaska Mr. S. A. Coldwell is added to our list of teachers. We have seventy-five teachers in 1904, instead of five teachers as in 1878. The number is larger than in any previous year, and calls for larger contributions from our circles.

You will probably have during the year special appeals from various sources for aid; but we ask that you will remember that after careful and prayerful consideration your Board have promised aid to these schools as designated in the ECHOES. We have done it in good faith and in your name, and look to you to redeem these pledges.

At our Board Meeting of September 9th, the treasurer's report showed a falling off in the receipts of the last few months both for the general work and Alaska. This, in the face of the fact that we have enlarged our work, might be discouraging. But we will not be discouraged. We have confidence in our women, and believe they will not fail us.

This is the Presidential year, when business men are anxious as to the result of the election, when many prophecies are made, and in many cases business is at a standstill until the result is known.

Not so with the business in which we are engaged. The King's business admits of no delay. We are not to await or question the results. The prophecy is sure. We are to do the thing we ought to do and do it *now*. "This will bring the joy of doing — this will insure success."

What is the work before us? We must raise $33,000 before April 1, 1905, to carry on our work without debt. We must arouse all those uninterested. We must strengthen the interest in the minds of our young people and children, for in them is our hope for the future. We must urge the circulation of our ECHOES, and above all we must reconsecrate ourselves to the Master's work and thus enter joyfully and prayerfully into the work of the year.

WE bring you the good news that our corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, upon October 1st will return to the work she so much loves and from which she has been so deeply missed, and the next number of the ECHOES will come to you from her hand. September 26th, Mrs. G. W. Peckham will leave Boston for an extended trip through the Indian and Oklahoma Territories. She will return early in November, when she will have many things to tell you of our work.

AT the Board Meeting of September 9th, Mrs. Anna S. Hunt was appointed vice-president for Maine. Mrs. Farnsworth of Eastern Maine and Mrs. Thomas of Western Maine, after years of faithful service, have resigned, being unable longer to care for the work. Mrs. Hunt will take their place and serve the Society for the whole State. She needs no introduction; she has been identified with our Woman's Society since its organization until the present time.

First Experiences as Missionary in Porto Rico

AFTER six months' study of the Spanish language, of attending the services, and accompanying Mrs. Duggan in her visiting, industrial school work, etc., followed nearly two months of working alone as missionary in Adjuntas.

The work there was exceedingly interesting, and to me, at least, very helpful, especially in the acquirement of the language, as I was obliged to be continually with those who spoke Spanish only.

My work was that of teaching a class in the Sunday school, three sewing classes a week, playing the organ for the services, two woman's meetings and visiting.

I had at first intended to have but one sewing-class, but finally formed three in different parts of the town.

The class in the Calle de Agua was suggested to me by Mrs. Duggan, who accompanied me for the first three or four days. In one of her letters to me afterward she said that the class in the house of Nicolasa Bonilla was suggested to her during her visit there, "at the sight of the children like sheep without a shepherd, and by the hopeless look on some of the little faces. I thought an hour once or twice a week of singing and chatting with them, and of having them clean up for the sewing, would help." The children very gladly came and attended quite regularly.

My own class of girls also wished to meet for sewing, and as I believed I could spend an hour or more very profitably with them each week, a second class was formed at the Mission Hall.

About this time a woman in Cana offered me her house for classes or woman's meetings if I needed it. There is great need for mission work in this part of the town, especially among the children. Doña Virginia and I visited different homes and invited the children to come. We began here with a class of about twelve.

The aim of these classes is not merely to teach the children to sew, but to teach them to know Jesus Christ through His word, and by knowing Him to have life everlasting. Besides the sewing, a lesson from the Bible is read and explained, a prayer offered, and hymns are sung.

Apparently the children heartily enjoyed these classes, but interest was shown not by them alone, but by women, children, and men, who often thronged the doorways or listened near by.

The classes are now in charge of three women who had assisted in the work, and whom I tried to train in order that they might be enabled to continue it alone.

These same sisters, Doña Julia, wife of Don Dionisio Hernandez, and Doñas Lucia and Virginia, also accompanied me frequently in the visiting, and were often very helpful to me in the way of explaining passages of Scripture where I could not very well in Spanish.

We found the people very glad, and often very eager, to hear the Word of God. It is very new to many. In some instances I have read to those who said they never had heard it before.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to visit these people in their homes, to tell them of the Saviour, and that He is the only "Way, the Truth, and the Life." I know that there is mighty power in God's word, and that it shall not return unto Him void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He sends it.

HATTIE A. GREENLAW.

Ponce, P. R., July 28, 1904.

The Man I Never Saw

NESTLING far away among the Boniato hills is a little palm farmhouse, where I chanced to go one day about three years ago. Doña Marcela, in coarse cotton chemise and short skirt, gave me a cordial welcome, and listened attentively to my story of "God so loved the world." Then she took me out back of the house to a little room built to itself, separate from everything else, where her son, José, lived alone. He was blind, she said, and had been sick nine years, and was so horribly afflicted he did not want any one to see him. So she placed a chair for me on the outside, and I talked to him through the wall; but as it was only a palm hut, we heard each other quite clearly. I used to call him "The man I never saw," because I knew him so long before I did see him.

Many times I went back, and spoke or sang my message out under the blue Cuban sky, trying to add a bit of cheer to his lonely life, and to point him to a better one. He was always so appreciative, and there were frequent presents for me of eggs or fruit. I was deeply touched one day when he said, "Señora, I thought of you so often on St. Joseph's Day (March 19th), because it was the anniversary of your little girl's death, and I knew you must be sad." How kind of him to have remembered!

A short time ago I saw him for the first time. I shall never forget the pitiful sight. A deathly pallor on his face, eyes sightless and bulging, feet ulcerated, hands all twisted, and fingers partly gone. Doña Marcela said she wanted to buy some prayers to say to St. Raphael, who was the special friend of the sick, but that Teresita objected. Teresita is her little granddaughter, who is a member of our Boniato Sunday school, and has learned not to pray to saints. The last time I was there she and I sat out in the open and sang for José. He asked especially that we sing —

> "Ask the Saviour to help you,
> Comfort, strengthen and keep you.
> He is willing to aid you,
> He will carry you through."

He told me he was trusting in that Saviour, and now he has gone to be with Him. When they told me he was dead, I asked what disease he had, for I had never known. "Ah," they said, "José was a leper."

There is a lepers' hospital in Havana, and all known cases are supposed to be sent there, but their family relatives and friends always hide it if possible.

They say there is no cure for the leprous body, but leprous souls in Cuba are turning to the Great Physician and are being healed.

ELVIA OLLIPHANT MOSELEY.

Santiago, Cuba, July, 1904.

AN Indian pupil in a composition about the beaver said: "When there is something had to be done they are always willing to do so right away, and not to wait till next day or year after, like as we do sometimes."

Courtesy of Woman's Home Missions.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN INDIAN HOME

The Indian Orphans' Home

FOR forty-seven years I have been laboring for the good of the Indians. God has used me in the inauguration of a number of movements for the benefit of the Indian people which have grown into large usefulness and resulted in great benefit to them.

In His graciousness, my Heavenly Father has reserved, for the closing years of my work, one of the very best movements for the benefit of the Indians that I have been permitted to inaugurate in all my life.

I have never seen the hand of God in favor and blessing so manifest as in the establishment of this Orphans' Home for full-blood Indian children, and those not over half white, open to all tribes in the United States. Less than two years ago it had neither a habitation nor a name. What hath God wrought in these twenty months!

First, He has paid the Home Mission Society $2,500 for its school plant here in Atoka, which the Home is now using to house, feed and clothe, train and nurse nearly one hundred orphans, sick and old people. There are many more applications than we can receive.

Second, God has shown the Secretary of the Interior, in Washington, and all the U. S. officials in the Indian Territory, including the U. S. court officers, the honesty and practicability of the purposes and plans of the promoters of this home, and of its great necessity and value to the full-bloods. They have endorsed the movement, and have given the adult Indians permission to file a portion of their allotments, if they wish to do so, as a donation to this Home, which land becomes inalienable, and remains the property of the Home so that it cannot be sold or mortgaged, but must be used for the purposes stated in its charter.

Third, God has put it into the hearts of a number of the Choctaws to file small donations on the tract of land designated for the Home, so that it now owns in one body over fifteen hundred acres of average land, good for farming, fruit-growing, and pasturage for stock. Donations of land are still being made. The Indians are not robbed of this land. Not a foot of it is held contrary to their will or wish. On the contrary, every foot is given voluntarily and gladly by individual adults after it becomes their personal property. They know that they are giving this land to the orphan children of their race. We will not accept any minor's land. The Indians know that this Home will be used exclusively as a training-school for Indian orphans, that it cannot be monopolized by whites nor pass out of their hands for the benefit of whites. They have been wronged long enough — too long — and God has used man's laws to so guard and secure this property that it will remain a home for Indian orphans as long as they need it.

Fourth, God has provided that the estates of most of the orphans shall be utilized for their support. The rentals from their lands will support them. Thus the question of maintenance for a number of years, at least, is solved, and the Home will not be compelled to beg for all the food and clothing needed for the children. Some will have no estates and must be maintained outright. The Home is becoming the guardian of the childrens' persons and estates. Thus it is in a situation to prevent them from being robbed by grafters, land-sharks, or speculators. After they are trained in habits of industry, thrift, economy, taught the English language, given a good English education, and, above all, taught the Word of God and faithfully and lovingly led to the cross of Christ for the salvation of their souls, they will, when of age, be placed in possession of every foot of their land, well improved, and every penny of money that may belong to them.

. . . Needs . . .

WE are busy at work improving the farm, and getting it in readiness for removal next year.

First. The land is being fenced. It will cost $750 to build all the fences outside and inside. We have $500 in hand for the fencing. Of this I have myself given $413.16.

Second. Good water is essential. Unfortunately, there is no large stream running through the farm. We must depend chiefly on wells, cisterns, and large tanks or ponds. I do not think $500 is too large an estimate to provide plenty of good water. As yet we have no money for this purpose.

Third. Preliminary buildings. The main buildings will (D. V.) be built of stone. There is an inexhaustible supply of good building-stone on the farm. Some frame inexpensive buildings are imperatively needed for workers. Dwellings, barns, and other necessary buildings must be provided. We really ought to have two thousand dollars to purchase lumber and other material, and to build these frame houses. If God sees that this is needed He will surely send the means.

Fourth. The main buildings will be of stone, and in cottage style. We think we have the mind of God in making these cottages uniform in size and cost. Each will accommodate from thirty to forty children, and will cost $5,000. Each will be in charge of a Christian man and his wife. The children will be taught home life. The cottages will be

about three hundred feet apart, so that if one should burn it will not affect the others. Insurance will be cheaper. They will probably be in two rows, one for boys; the other across a very wide street, for girls. Between will be the chapel, schoolhouse, library and other public buildings. There will be a hospital for the sick, and a home for poor old women and one for poor old men. After five or six of the cottages are built we will, with our boys, build them ourselves as they may be needed.

With thirty-five or forty thousand dollars this Indian Orphans' Home may be well established and furnished and will become a city of refuge, an industrial training-school, and a Bethel of Salvation for hundreds of that race so greatly wronged by Americans.

Has God cast away His red people? God has not cast away the Indians. They are part of His creation. Christ died for their redemption as much as He did for the white or the black people. They certainly need salvation. This Orphans' Home is one of God's means for their salvation. It is a great opportunity that God is giving the people of the United States to save some of the Indians, and to atone for some of the many wrongs they have done the Indian race.

. . . Conclusion . . .

Two great things are now essentially needed. First, a man. The institution needs a man to take up the work which God has inaugurated and make it his life-work. The man should possess many important qualifications. He should, of course, be a Christian man and a Baptist. He should have a loving, tender heart and a broad, comprehensive, executive mind. He should have a patient, just, firm disposition. No passionate, selfish, narrow-minded man can succeed. God has the man somewhere. Let us pray and help Him to find the man. Such a man can do for these Indians in this orphanage what Mueller has done in England, and Booker Washington for the Negroes of the South, though not on so large a scale.

Second. Money for improvements on the farm is needed. The sum asked for is very small compared with what is due the Indian race. A great horde of white people, from all over the United States, is now in this Territory robbing the Indians of their land and other property. If they can they will strip the poor little Indian orphans of everything and turn them out on the country paupers, beggars, and criminals. The tribal governments expire in 1906. A State government will be erected controlled entirely by whites, and God pity the full-bloods then. As one said truly, "The whites are robbing us on our dying bed and will rob our children after we are buried."

J. S. MURROW.

The Conversion of Kiowas

FROM one of the Baptist Missions in the Kiowa Indian country there comes the following glowing report of the conversion of certain Kiowa Indians.

"Five hundred and ninety-one Indians camped around the chapel for the meeting which began on Tuesday night, the 12th. The meeting on Sunday was under the arbor, as not half of the people could get into the chapel. After a sermon on the 'New Birth' (John iii. 3), an opportunity was then given for those who felt that they had a new heart and desired to walk in the 'Jesus road' to come forward and unite with the Church. Thirteen grown people and twenty-nine children and young people from the Rainy Mountain Government School came forward. It was a wonderful time. The hearts of the people were greatly moved. The workers are greatly encouraged, and everything indicates that the whole Kiowa nation will be won for the Lord Jesus.

"Chief Lone Wolf is developing as a Christian worker, and exhorts with a great deal of power, and is striving in every way to lead his people to the Lord Jesus.

"The old war-chief, Big Bow, and his wife were received and baptized last June. He was one of the most powerful war-chiefs the Kiowas ever had. He showed me the scars where four bullets had gone through his body. He and his wife are said to have held a whole company of United States soldiers at bay for a whole day. They were among the rocks on the top of a large hill. The Indians told me that that day fifty United States soldiers were killed at night. Although he had been shot several times, he and his wife succeeded in escaping. They are now very earnest Christians, and interested in the spread of Christianity among their people.

"Comalty did not come to the meeting; but Kiowa Bill, his brother, was there, and for the first time made a talk. He said that he knew that all the Kiowas were coming into this 'Jesus road,' and that they were coming soon, but we must have patience with them because they wanted to know all they could about it, but he assured us that they would come by and by."—*From the Letter of a Missionary.*

Agency System Abandoned

THE abolition of reservation lines, the abandonment of the agency system and the necessity of increasing the number of reservation schools will be the principal topics discussed in the forthcoming annual report of W. A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The policy of the present Administration is in the direction of making the Indians self-supporting.

The agency system, in the opinion of the Commissioner, is one of the evils of the service that should be removed. He has advocated and put into effect at many points the plan of placing the affairs of the Indians in the hands of school superintendents, thus doing away with the services of the agents. This was the only phase of the Indian problem discussed in the message of President Roosevelt to Congress last winter. If the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs has his way, no more non-reservation schools will be constructed.

Progress has been made during the past twelve months in diminishing the issue of rations, a policy adopted early in the first administration of President McKinley.—*N. Y. Sun, Sept., 1904.*

THE reports of the Indian office show that in 1886 the number of Indians who wore citizen's dress wholly was 58,590, which number had increased in 1902 to 102,130; in 1887 the number of Indians who could read was 19,816, and the number who could use English for ordinary purposes was 25,255; for 1902 there were 47,081 of the first named and 62,616 of the latter.—*The World's Fair Indian School Journal.*

Elk Creek Mission

THE Baptist Indian Association of Oklahoma met with the Rainy Mountain Church, June 16–19, 1904. Mr. and Mrs. Clouse entertained the missionaries and white visitors. The Kiowas entertained visiting Indians.

The association was the best in the history of the Kiowa work. The presence of the Holy Spirit was with us in power. Twenty-one put on Christ in baptism. Among the number our own little Ruth. The Lord has been good to us, two of our own children have united with the Church.

We are glad to report Doctor Rairden's presence at the meeting, he is so helpful and far-sighted, and the Indians love him dearly. We were glad to meet and welcome Rev. Mr. Franklin, District Secretary, he is a power. Rev. R. B. Wright, from the Navajo Mission, New Mexico, was with us also. His talks on his work were very interesting. The blankets, rugs, tidies, lambrequins, etc., testify to the ability of the Navajos to make beautiful and durable things of wool. We believe he is the right man in the right place. There were other visitors, but we cannot make mention of all; but we were glad to meet them.

A NAVAJO OF CROZIER, NEW MEXICO

The earnest talks and prayers of the Indians indicate a healthy spiritual growth in the new life which is hid with Christ in God.

A letter from a little schoolgirl when she presented herself for baptism read like this:

"My papa and mamma are Christians, and all our family are following Jesus but me, and I feel He wants me to give myself to Him."

The picture of the baptism last Sunday afternoon will stay in my mind long as I live. It was beautiful beyond description.

Dear friends, is it too early to speak of Christmas boxes? I think not; the time will soon come again; I hope you will remember Elk Creek Mission this year. Had it not been for things left over from the year before we could not have made glad the hearts of our people.

Yours lovingly,

MRS. G. W. HICKS.

DICTATED the conditions. — An Indian church elder was summoned as a witness before an Indian court, and finding the room filled with smoke announced that if Christians were to be called there the tobacco must be put away, for he would never acknowledge a lot of officers with tobacco quids in their mouths and pipes in their teeth. He gained his point.

From Alaska

MR. S. A. COLDWELL, who was with us at the annual meeting under appointment to Alaska, reached Wood Island June 20th. He was most cordially welcomed and entered immediately upon the work. One of the first things upon his arrival was to assist Mr. Coe in placing the telephone (the gift of one of our Board) between the Orphanage and the Dormitory. It was finished and tried on July 4th, and Mr. Coe writes: "The wire is now singing like a steamer whistle."

A second letter tells of his increased approval of Mr. Coldwell, of his willingness to aid in every possible way, while Mr. Coldwell writes of his joy at being there and the pleasure of thus serving his Master.

The following notice was enclosed in Mr. Coe's letter:

> "These mittens were knit by Mrs. Elvira Gannett, aged 92 years, 6 months."

The name came without any means of knowing from whence. I wish you could find the address of the enclosed and send her our thanks.

The mittens exactly fitted Mr. Coldwell and myself, and we have each a pair of them. August 26th, Mr. Coe, with his family, left Wood Island, and we shall not hear from him again until he reaches Seattle. One of the boys who has previously been in the Orphanage has returned to remain during the year, and so assist Mr. Coldwell. He is a good workman and a first-rate boatman, which is greatly needed.

It is impossible yet to make any definite plan as to Mr. Coe's visiting our New England churches. He has had a hard six years, is tired, and must first rest. We will as soon as possible communicate his plans.

Before his departure three of the girls, Ofdotia and Mary Brown and Annie Lawson, were married, and five of the children were baptized. Among this number were his own children, Curtis and Lulu Coe.

Ofdotia seems so much a part of the Orphanage that it will seem unlike home without her. The children will miss her, and we know she will feel lonely away from the place she loves so well. She has gone to Uyak, on the western side of the island, and as she has brightened the lives of so many on Wood Island, in like manner may she be a blessing to those among whom she will now make her home.

While Mr. Coe is absent from the Mission, let us not abate one particle our interest. We have still to provide a teacher, and no physician has yet been found for the place. More than ever are our gifts and prayers needed for the work. Let us pray that those who for a time have left may be blessed and strengthened, that those who remain may have strength equal to their day, and the needed assistants may soon be found.

Keep this far-away Mission in mind, and seek to secure the required gift from your Sunday school for its support. Do it *now*.

American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

THE Home Mission work among the Indians has been faithfully prosecuted by devoted missionaries. The results of their labors have been most successful, when the unfavorable and difficult conditions are taken into account. It is not strange that the Indian should be suspicious of the white man, and slow to believe in his unselfish interest. Embarrassments still arise by reason of government action to which the Indians are opposed. Thus our missionary to the Cherokees, Rev. A. L. Lacie, has had to face great discouragements, owing to the bitter hostility of the tribe against the enforced allotment of their lands. In time the Indians may come to see that this policy is wise; but at present it seems to them another dubious land scheme rather than a preservative measure in their own interest; and in consequence many of them, once members of our churches, have "gone back in the world," to quote the missionary's phrase. Even more difficult to meet than government measures and reservation changes has been the evil due to the white man's "fire-water," one of the deadliest instruments of human greed. Yet the missionaries have toiled on, heedless of deprivation and difficulty, and have furnished material for many a page of heroic life history that will be duly recorded, as their deeds will be rewarded. Let us honor them as they deserve, and do it now.

As you read the account on another page of Mr. Clark's visit to the Crow Mission, try to realize what it meant for Mr. and Mrs. Petzoldt to leave a home as comfortable and modern as yours; a church prosperous, united, and active; a Western city possessed of electric lighting and trolleys, with all other modern improvements, even to a woman's club; to leave, in a word, the conditions and enjoyments of highly civilized life — and for what? A log-house home, minus modern conveniences which by most are felt to be necessities; a home among a pagan, neglected, semi-civilized tribe of Indians, as little acquainted with cleanliness, physical and moral, as with godliness. Realize, further, what it meant to take two little children out of civilization into these surroundings and associations. Then, as you stand in thought by that little grave in a corner of the Mission compound, you may experience a new sympathy and interest. It costs to give such service to low-down and needy humanity in the Master's Name and for the Master's sake.

THE school connected with the Crow Mission is the centre of interest and hope to the Crows themselves. It should be remembered that it was the love of the parents for their children, and the longing to keep these children at home instead of having them taken away and kept in the government schools, that led the tribe to petition our Society so earnestly for a mission. The school, with what it means to them, has held them to ready assistance and opened the way to religious effort. The government authorities have given hearty cooperation in this work and are in full sympathy with our efforts for the uplifting of the tribe. There will be special reason, therefore, to follow the progress of this phase of the mission work, in which the Woman's Society has specific part through its support of the teacher. To show how the Indians regard the situation, we may quote the significant remark of White Arm, one of the remarkable characters already developed through this new Mission, to Secretary Chivers on his recent visit to Lodge Grass. Taking the Secretary by the hand, the old chief asked, through the interpreter, "Do you know why I gave my land for this school and mission?" Then pointing to the little children who sat by the side of their mothers, he said, "It was for their sakes, that they might learn the white man's ways." The hope of the Crow tribe lies in the next generation, which we believe will be Christianized and so truly Americanized.

WHEN the Indians are genuinely converted, what examples they set in giving and in missionary zeal. We are waiting to learn of some white church whose members give as broadly and largely, in proportion to numbers and resources, as that Rainy Mountain Kiowa Baptist church. Send in your records of benevolence and let us make comparison. Only the Chinese converts stand in the same rank, according to present information.

A WIDESPREAD sense of bereavement will follow the news of the death of Dr. Lorimer. He was foremost among our Baptist preachers, and the peer of any living minister of any denomination. And he was far more than a great preacher; he was a manly man, God-fearing and man-loving. His sympathies and interests were broad. He took in the whole kingdom of God in the sweep of his thought. He was a power, and the loss of such a personality will be distinctly felt both in this country and in England. Among other interests of the kingdom, Dr. Lorimer did not forget or neglect the missionary movements at home and abroad. We join sincerely with the multitudes who mourn his death as a personal sorrow.

THE CROW MISSION

A Visit to the Crow Indian Mission

BY REV. L. G. CLARK

(The Crow Mission is not only interesting in itself, but is of more than ordinary interest just now to the readers of ECHOES because of the appointment by the Woman's Society of a teacher for the new school established in connection with it. We are glad, therefore, to have this description of a visit to Lodge Grass by General Missionary Clark of Montana. — Ed.)

I FOUND Missionary Petzoldt hard at work, and very busy indeed, directing the work of others, and looking after a multitude of interests connected with the Mission. While we have all been greatly pleased and interested as we have read the various letters from Mr. Petzoldt which *The Monthly* has published, yet my visit has made me realize the fact that our good brother's modesty and spirit of self-oblivion have kept him from saying much that might have been said concerning facts and incidents vitally, and sometimes most pathetically, connected with the brief though wonderful story of the opening of this new Mission among an ancient people.

I wish I could give you a correct idea of some of the pictures which the visit to the Mission have graven upon my memory. But it is not possible. I cannot enable another to see what I saw, or feel what I felt during that day.

The bright Montana sun was almost at the meridian when I stepped from the Burlington train at the little lonely station of Lodge Grass, about 100 miles east of Billings. And yet, while to some the place would doubtless seem almost unspeakably dreary and desolate, to me, as I thought of the friends whom I had come to see, and of the *possible* blessings to be brought to the long neglected people of this lonely valley among the mountains, it was full of interest, if indeed it was not touched by a somewhat sublime though sombre beauty.

As I turned my face to the north, there were the everlasting hills making a rugged but fitting background for the unique picture which I saw. Scattered here and there over the valley were the primitive homes of the Crows. A few small simple houses could be seen, made somewhat as the white man makes his home.

At a little distance from the station, and slightly to the east, was the house of White Arm, the temporary home of Mr. and Mrs. Petzoldt. This was a place of special interest to me, as it was here we held the first "Council with the Crows." Brother Petzoldt and myself were the only Christian white men present at that Council, but there were a large number of Indians there, who, through us, petitioned the Society to establish a mission at Lodge Grass. And now, after many months, I saw this place again, but how greatly changed, not so much in the outward appearance as in the inner life.

Somewhat to the west and farther from the station could be seen the new mission house erected upon the land

THE CROW MISSION

owned by the Mission. As I looked in this direction I saw a man upon a white horse riding swiftly toward the depot. As he drew near I recognized the smiling countenance of an Indian missionary. Brother Petzoldt seemed to be very glad to see me; and as we walked toward the house he began to tell me about his work, and to explain to me the location of the mission allotment and the situation of the buildings to be erected upon it. And as I

CHIEF WHITE ARM

saw all this in the light of the courageous faith and glowing enthusiasm of the missionary, added to bright loveliness of the day and the natural picturesqueness of the scene, I could have no feeling of desolation, nor could I have any doubt as to the ultimate success of the work.

When we reached the house Mrs. Petzoldt and her sweet little girl gave us Christian welcome into the same room where some months before we entered for the first time an Indian home. Then it was, to say the least, a pitiful home, but now it is a home of piety and Christian loveliness. God grant that this may be but as a symbol of the great and glorious transformation which these consecrated workers are to be instrumental in effecting, not only in the homes but also in the hearts of these benighted people among whom they are now living and working for the love of Christ.

After dinner Brother Petzoldt took me over to the mission house and schoolhouse, explaining all about the plans

for their completion, also telling me some of his ideas in regard to the future improvements to be made in connection with the development of the mission. I was much impressed with the wisdom, resourcefulness, originality, energy, common sense and spirit of Christian faith and courage evident in the plans and purposes which he outlined. I am more than ever convinced of the fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Petzoldt are peculiarly fitted for this work.

The mission house will be, I think, all that could be desired. The Society has made no mistake in providing for the erection of such buildings. If any work at all is to be done, this initial expenditure of money for buildings and equipment of the Mission is an absolute necessity.

The difficulties in the way of pushing the work are very great indeed, both seen and unseen. I think, however, that under all the circumstances the amount of work which Brother Petzoldt has already accomplished is very remarkable. It is an honor both to him and to the Society. In addition to all their other work, both he and Mrs. Petzoldt have made noteworthy progress in acquiring a vocabulary of the Crow language, and I believe that in a comparatively short time they will be able to use the language quite efficiently in their work among the Indians.

During the afternoon I was taken to an old-time Indian burial-place. It was to me a sad and weird, not to say gruesome, sight. On a rugged, rocky hilltop, strangely water-worn into many fantastic, almost hideous shapes, this burial-place is located. There are a few aged pine-trees standing here. And in the branches of these trees are five or six "graves." In addition to these "tree graves" there are a number of "rock graves," that is, places where the bodies are covered only with a great pile of rocks.

An interesting incident of the day was the placing of the corner-stone of the new school building. For some time Mr. Petzoldt and his helper, Mr. Earl Benson, had been drawing the stone for the foundation of the school-house, and they were just ready to begin the work of laying it, so it was my privilege to assist in putting the corner-stone in place. There was no elaborate ceremony, only the three of us were there in addition to the presence of the great God our Father, in whose name and for whose glory the work was being done. And yet the quiet simplicity of that service of prayer and consecration, as together we bowed before God, in the twilight of the beautiful day, may not have been altogether out of harmony with the spirit and purpose of the mission of which this school is to be a part.

But among all the memorable experiences of the day, there was one that touched my heart more deeply than any other. This was a scene at a little grave under the trees not far from the mission house. There was a pathos about it altogether indescribable. How I wish all the friends of the Mission could have seen the sad yet strong face of the mother, and the sweet face of her dear little girl, as they sat by the side of that small and lonely grave where rested the precious form of the loved baby boy and brother. I am sure if we could all of us know what it has already cost our missionary and his wife to establish our Crow Indian Mission, we would desire to give them the utmost measure of our love and sympathy and help in every way.

Among the Cheyennes

BY REV. ROBERT HAMILTON

THERE are continually new indications of God's favor upon His work here among the Cheyennes. We are often too much concerned in looking forward to the task yet to be done to take a look backward at what has been accomplished and get inspiration from it. During a recent visit to the Kingfisher band we found them camped about eight miles from the Mission, where about 200 Indians of a neighboring tribe were visiting them. It was Saturday, and I spent the afternoon and night in camp with them. I made a few acquaintances among the visiting Indians, and on inquiry about their religious state learned that there were few Christians in the tribe and no mission work being done except at the Agency. In consultation with the deacons it was decided to have the Sunday morning meeting in an arbor in the Cheyenne camp, that the visiting Indians might hear the gospel. Sunday morning came, an ideal summer Sabbath morning, and after breakfast I again walked over to their camp, thinking to invite them to our services. I found them most all busily engaged, playing either cards or dominoes, and the women who were not playing were at their bead-work. Apparently they did not know it was different from any other day. None could be induced to come. And as I walked back through the Cheyenne camp I could but mark the difference. The men, dressed in their best, were sitting in groups talking, while the women preparing for service brought out no bead-work that day. When the hour for service came they filled the arbor and many sat around outside. This is but one of the many changes that has come to the Cheyennes in the ten years of mission work among them. The work is slow; of course it is; but think of the ages this tribe have lived in darkness, superstition, and sin too awful to contemplate, within a few hours' ride of our delightful, happy, Christian civilization. And now, behold a few hundred dollars of consecrated money and a few years of feeble effort at great disadvantages, and at least one community practically transformed. It would be but a small thing for our Baptist people to give the gospel to all these tribes. But what a great thing it would be to the Indians!

Last Sabbath, at the morning service, I announced that at the afternoon meeting we would administer the Lord's Supper. At the close one of the deacons came to inquire what we would do about the members who had been attending the Mescal meetings, whether we should withhold the Supper from them. I told him I thought it best, but asked his opinion. He thought that would be right as they were walking in another road. However, when we inquired

into the matter, we could find but one, a young man, who was accused, and after some conversation with him on the subject I advised him to not partake of the Supper until such time as the brethren could find no fault with his life in this respect.

I made one visit to the Arapahoe Mission, and found Brother King encouraged over the prospect on his field, there having been a decided increase in the attendance at his Mission. I also made a trip to Twelve Mile Point, about thirty miles down the river from here, where we have a few members living, it being a part of the Kingfisher field. I found there an epidemic of typhoid fever, and my visits were greatly appreciated at every camp. I also found there Doctor and Mrs. Gilham ministering both medical and spiritual aid to these stricken Indian families. I learned from the Indians that Mrs. Gilham had visited some of the most needy cases almost every day with ice and such food as they could not prepare in the camp. I heartily wish there were more among their Christian white neighbors who would take such a kindly interest in them.

I spent three days with the brethren of the Central District Association, and my address on the work of the Home Mission Society among the Indians was listened to with interest, and I trust did good. I have revised and greatly simplified our church covenant, retaining the full sense of it, but putting it into language which I think will be more comprehensible to the Indian with a limited education. I sent the manuscript to Brother Murrow, who very kindly and generously printed me a supply of them on his mission printing outfit connected with his Indian Orphanage. I hope in a short time to prepare after the same manner a concise set of Articles of Faith for distribution among our members and others. I find that the Indians use the mails to a considerable extent, even those who cannot read having their letters interpreted to them. My new interpreters are doing faithful and satisfactory work.

What a Testament Accomplished

BY H. E. ADAMS

NEARLY six years ago, while the Gospel Wagon workers were at Burney, Northern California, a Testament was given to a young Indian girl named Rosa Commadore. She was an intelligent girl with some education, and promised to read the Testament.

Two years later she married, and the following year her first great sorrow came, as they laid the body of her baby in the grave. In her grief she remembered that her neglected Bible said something about little children. She looked until she found the passage "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." "Surely," thought Rosa, "my baby is in Heaven, and I want to go there to be with my dear child." Again she searched the Scriptures until she learned the way.

Pastor Withrow, of the Clover Swale Baptist church, was holding meetings near Burney when Rosa came to him asking baptism. Speaking about her later, he said, "I was astonished at her knowledge of the Scripture. When I asked her why she wished to be baptized, she replied, 'I love Jesus and He tells me in His book to be baptized.'"

Best of all, she had been reading the Testament to her people, and three of them had been led to accept Jesus as their Saviour.

Jews Accepting Christ

BY REV. LEOPOLD COHN

THE vast majority of people have always doubted, and are still doubting, the power of the gospel with regard to the Jews. They think that God has cast away the Jews, and they cannot be converted. This notwithstanding Paul's asseveration, "God forbid." Paul proved it by the fact that he himself was an Israelite. Now I, too, can prove it by the fact that I have been brought out of rabbinical darkness into His marvellous light. Also, through my testimony to my people of the city of Brooklyn, forty-nine Jews have openly confessed the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism, while nearly five hundred have been converted and are secret believers because of fear of the Jews upon whom they absolutely depend for a livelihood.

Four Recent Baptisms

The latest four baptisms are very interesting. One of these converts is a young man of about twenty-four. His family circle is large and very respectable. Two of his brothers are vice-rabbis. His conversion was a great shock to them. They tried many ways of bringing him back to Judaism, but without success. One of their efforts brought great disappointment to themselves and glory and honor to the Lord Jesus Christ. They prevailed upon the chief rabbi of New York to have them bring the young man to his house for an interview, being confident that a talk from this great and learned Jewish rabbi would influence the young man very much. When the convert was asked to go there, he made an agreement with his relatives to do so under the following conditions: First, that he be allowed to invite his missionary (myself), who would be his spokesman to the chief rabbi. Second, that if the missionary should prove to the chief rabbi that Jesus is the Messiah according to the Scriptures, then his relatives too would have to give up the rabbis and accept the Lord Jesus Christ instead. This being agreed upon, we met the chief rabbi at his own house, and for an hour we had a most interesting debate which brought victory on the side of the truth as it is in Jesus. It was a pitiful sight to watch the rabbi's shame and confusion when he was cornered by the Word of God, of which he was ignorant in spite of his rabbinical learning. When I referred to a verse showing the truth about the Lord Jesus, this rabbi exclaimed, nervously, "What of it? Because of one verse shall I give up my religion and believe in Jesus?" To this I answered, "If a Jew will come to you asking if he could steal a little money from his neighbor who has quite a good deal of it and would not miss it very much, would you not tell him 'no,' because it is written, 'Thou shalt not steal'?" He answered, "Yes." "Well," continued I, "but what would you say if that Jew should use your argument and say, 'Rabbi, that is only one verse'?" The rabbi saw his situation and

was very much grieved. Then I took up the whole of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. "Here," said I, "this is more than one verse." He tried very hard to explain that the whole chapter referred to the Jews as a nation who are despised, etc. But when I tenaciously stuck to the following verses, "If thou wilt make His soul for a sin offering," and "He made His grave with the wicked," and "because He poured out His life unto death," the rabbi was forced to admit that the whole chapter referred to the Lord Jesus Christ. This noble convert was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Rhoades.

A Jewish Girl Baptized

The second convert who was baptized is a Jewish girl of twenty. She is the niece of an aged rabbi whom I visited about two years ago, and who consequently accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Lately he persuaded his niece to join him in his new-found faith. Not long ago he expressed a desire, through one of the workers whom I sent to visit him, that his niece be taken under our instruction and made a good Christian girl. She was baptized three weeks ago by Rev. Dr. Adams in the Keap Street Baptist Church, Brooklyn, the pastor and people of which have promised three hundred dollars toward her education as a missionary to her own people.

A Young Man and His Bride

The third is a young man of twenty-eight. He came to our mission and inquired after the truth. He became a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and through his influence his intended wife was converted, and both were accordingly baptized together at Easton, Conn.

A Jewish Teacher Converted

The fourth is a Jew of about thirty-six, who has been a teacher in the Jewish schools for many years. After he had been attending our meetings for some time he applied for baptism. But knowing that baptism would cut him off from his people, and he would look to me for the support of his large family, I hesitated to encourage him. The man has always been a teacher and has never done any other work. But he found out somehow where our other converts have been baptized, went over to that church and read to the pastor and deacons a few English words which he had written on a piece of paper in Hebrew characters (he knows no English) to the effect that he desired to be baptized, and that if they doubted his conversion, to ask me. It was rather amusing to the pastor and deacons because he obtained an English word here and there and put them together in an erroneous way, so that they found it difficult to understand him. But their large experience with the Hebrew brethren from our mission enabled them to comprehend his meaning. Consequently he was baptized in the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church.

Thus Christian people need not, through their doubt, throw discredit upon the power of the Lord Jesus Christ over the Jew any longer. If the church of Christ had been faithfully following out the divine order, "to the Jew first," the Jews would have been long ago converted and the Lord Jesus would have come to rule over them as their King David according to the Scriptures.

Notes from the Field

ANDREW CARNEGIE has given $5,000 for a library for the colored people of Columbia, S. C. The building is to stand on the campus of Benedict College, and its presence will be due to the efforts of President Osborn, who secured the pledge.

ONE of our missionaries in Oklahoma writes that his section is indeed a needy field, and particularizes: country new, people generally very poor, much illiteracy, and much whiskey. Perhaps the greatest obstacle is indifferent, backslidden church members who are in the territory to get rich. Some churches of 40 to 60 members do not maintain a Sunday school. The country is developing rapidly, and prosperity is assured; the great need is evangelization. After this picture of religious need, it is good to read that his work is resulting in a great revival, in spite of bitter opposition.

WHEN Rev. C. Wesley Nichols began missionary effort at Eureka, in Utah, it was under interesting conditions. The place secured for services was "Finn Hall," which was noted because two men had been shot to death in it. The first Sunday morning he preached in this hall he found empty beer kegs and bottles scattered about, and learned that a wedding-feast had been held there the night before. The scent that morning was not that of a temperance resort. But now, after faithful work, there is a Sunday school at this station with about 70 enrolled, and a preaching service once and sometimes twice a month, with growing interest.

REV. N. N. AUBIN, of Providence, has during the last three months preached the gospel to about 2,000 French Roman Catholics. He visited about 400 families, and read and explained the Bible in the homes, where he was gladly received in most cases, and had some remarkable experiences.

MISSIONARY HOWELL has baptized nine more converts at Songo, Cuba, and the meetings are attended by the best people in the town. At Ti-Arriba a small Cuban house has been rented, and 28 candidates await baptism. A house of worship is greatly needed there. Mr. Howell finds it a strenuous life in a warm climate when he travels 75 miles on horseback and preaches four or five times a week; but his regret is that he cannot do more.

THE first Protestant meeting-house erected in Boise County, Idaho, and owned and occupied by the first Protestant church organized in the county, the Baptist church of Van Wyck, was recently dedicated. The place is 50 miles from the nearest railway station.

WE hope that every local Woman's Society will subscribe, as an organization, for ECHOES and THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY, and keep both on file, for reference and use by missionary committees. They will be found indispensable in the preparation of programs. Both are needed in order to cover the broad field of our home mission work; and both will prove stimulating.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY ANNA SARGENT HUNT

OURS is the seedtime: God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision weak and dim
The harvest time is hid with him.

— *Whittier.*

A Word to Should-be Graduates

UNDER this heading a writer in *Life and Light* says many things which our Baptist young ladies would do well to consider. Reference is first made to the caps and gowns which many a graduate has proudly worn in the months just past. Following the season so sacred to diplomas and the words of exhortation they provoke, the writer says: These remarks are humbly but urgently offered to the *graduates of a particular stamp*. They are for the graduates who refuse to graduate! In every line of study or occupation other than that of missions, graduation and promotion are anticipated and striven for. Even from cradle roll to mission circle, and from mission circle to the young ladies' society, this law holds true, but (and this is my text) no further. The natural and hitherto irresistible ambition to graduate after a faithful term of service and experience seems suddenly quenched. It cannot be because there is nothing beyond, for the ladies' societies would gladly welcome new recruits to their ranks, realizing the need of fresh enthusiasm and new methods to vivify programs and meetings that have perhaps come to run in too well-defined and stereotyped grooves. They look wistfully to the young ladies' societies for the new life and help they need and have a right to expect. But the "young ladies" blithely tread their own primrose path with never a thought of the graduation that normally lies at its end.

To be sure, their meetings are bright and earnest, with business conducted briskly, papers well digested and attractive, and a general atmosphere of enjoyment that makes them the success they are. They do thorough work and reap its advantages. Suppose the older ladies' meetings are not so varied or stirring, though fully as profitable — where are the persons to make them so?

History repeats itself. The young ladies' auxiliary, oblivious of years of study together, wonders why the working or high-school or college girls do not join them in large numbers. These younger girls have left the mission circle far behind, — the older ladies' society seems eons ahead, so they are quite left out of the general missionary training. The natural place for them would be the young ladies' society, but ask a high-school girl, and note her answer: "Why, *no!* My teacher belongs, and Auntie!" I don't fit in a society with them. I want to be with the girls!" Such a response is prevalent, as experience testifies, but it reveals one more obstacle, and an unnecessary one, to interesting these younger girls in mission work. All this because it does not occur to some mature young ladies that the time has come — is past — for them to graduate into their proper society.

What is to be done to this graduating class that will not graduate? There are many of them scattered all through our territory. Societies that have awakened to the harm thus unconsciously done are meeting the emergencies in various ways. One is, to start a new club of girls, without attempting to cajole them into joining the older young ladies. However, multiplicity of organizations is hardly to be favored, except where there is an unusual number of girls. Another case is that of a "young ladies'" auxiliary which disbanded entirely and joined the older ladies, to their great delight, while out of the ashes arose a new organization. Its members were mainly high-school girls who had been vainly invited to join the "young ladies," but who took hold of their own club with enthusiasm. This method accomplished the two desirable ends of reinforcing the older society and bringing in the younger girls. But the abrupt transition made the life of the new society rather precarious, formed as it was of practically new material to be wrought into the missionary fabric of the Woman's Board. How much easier if only the "young ladies," as they gained in years and experience, had quietly withdrawn from the junior society into the senior, and let the new girls be gradually assimilated through the influence and spirit of the experienced younger members! Are the older girls willing to allow a possible sensitiveness about age to stand in the way of enlisting new members in the interests of the kingdom, and of helping where they are so much needed? It might be feasible to have an understood age limit, when graduation into the senior auxiliary might take place. Yet, after all, the matter lies in the hands of each thoughtful older member of our young ladies' societies. For the sake of the older society, for the sake of the girls, for your own sake, be honest and graduate!

A. S. B.

Our Little Folks

A Penny Song

(Tune: "Comin' Through the Rye.")

If a body has a penny,
Shining bright and new,
If a body wants to spend it,
What'll a body do?
All the lasses have their pennies,
So they say have I,
And where they go and what they do
I'll tell you by and by.

There's a fruit store round the corner,
Where I sometimes go,
And the candy makes the pennies
Melt away, you know.
Is that the way you spend your pennies?
Think I hear you say:
But, honest true, I tell you, No,
I've found a better way.

We've the cutest little boxes[1]
With a door to fit 'em,[2]
Where the candy and the fruit man
Never once can get 'em.[3]
Don't you hear them singing, singing[4]
A song that's ever new?
"We are Jesus' little pennies —
" His work we love to do."

— *Exchange.*

[1] Holds up mite-box.
[2] Points to opening.
[3] Shakes head.
[4] Shakes mite-box.

REFERENCE was made last month to that most helpful book, "Under Our Flag for Our Boys and Girls." To show how much aid it would give on this month's topic — The Indians — we mention the divisions of the program we should use.

The chapter is entitled "From Blanket and Feathers." We are told the symbols, — Indian blankets, beadwork, dolls, curios. Certain helps are indicated, among them illustrative Perry pictures. The Bible lesson is suggested.

There is a Leader's Lesson Talk; a recitation, "An Indian Cradle Song;" a reading, "Red Face to Pale Face." (This is one of the series of "Home Guard Leaflets" that accompanies the book.) Lessons we can learn from the Indians are defined, viz.: Obedience, bravery, honesty, patience, truthfulness, hospitality, respect for older persons, reverence for God. Readings are specified. There are "Notes about Indians," and, if work is done at the Band meetings, under "Finger Work" directions much help will be gained. The book is just as helpful on each branch of our Home Mission work. Send 18 cents and postage to our headquarters in Boston.

Connecticut Juniors

MISS GRACE SPAULDING, Junior Director of Stonington Union Association, tells us of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mission Band at Packerville. The exercises were held in the chapel during the afternoon and evening of June 9th.

An interesting number of a well-prepared program was the roll-call. Invitations had been sent to all those who had been members of the Band, asking if they could not be present some message might be sent with their gift. Miss Adams, for a long time lady director of the band, read some of these messages, and gave extracts from the "minutes" concerning the band. The organization was brought about in 1874 by Mrs. Temple, whose husband was then the pastor. The membership has never been large, only about a hundred having been enrolled during its quarter century of existence. Miss Adams told some of the methods employed in raising money, in the which fairs, suppers, sale of patchwork quilts, denial weeks, investment of coin, etc., figured. The distribution of monies was shown to include not alone gifts to both Home and Foreign Societies of the Baptist Women's Boards, but to local charities, church expenses, and the like.

The total amount of money raised during these years is about $450. This added to the $32 received at the anniversary brings it to nearly $500.

The success of the band and its long life seem to be due to the fact that the mothers and women realize a *personal responsibility* in this matter of training the boys and girls to know of the Word, the location of stations, schools, names of teachers, the needs of same, and best of all — to be prompt givers. This is a tiny country church, and many of the families live at a distance. Attendance at these Mission Band meetings meant a drive of four or five miles and mother's presence. These mothers are spoken of as being such staunch supporters of the lady director.

Mrs. Emily Browning Hopkins was such a mother. Sons and daughters to-day are more loyal to the Word because of her persistent efforts to have them go to Mission Band meetings.

During the evening Miss Howard talked of the need of a personal responsibility along the line of Junior work, congratulated the Band, telling them that they were the oldest in the State. She also spoke of Mrs. Duggan's work and the new station at Alcalde.

Miss Spaulding speaks of a later meeting of this band, at which a collection of picture cards for Mrs. Duggan was made. A talk was given concerning her work, and a social time enjoyed.

Reference is also made to the assistance given at the associational gathering at Old Mystic by Ascencoine Garcia, who has been making her home with Mrs. Hinds, our vice-president for Connecticut, and attending school in Providence.

Ascencoine sang in Spanish several familiar hymns, also a pretty little motion song.

She illustrated with Navajo blanket and silk scarf various poses of the Indian and Spanish women.

WE hope our boys and girls are all interested in our new work among the Crow Indians at Lodge Grass, Montana. The pamphlet to be obtained at our Boston headquarters, "A Council with the Crows," will furnish splendid material for a Band program. At Cleveland last May we saw the missionary and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Petzoldt, who are taking up the work for the children of this tribe of Indians which so much needs the gospel.

It was very touching to hear the missionary tell of the time when his little child was very ill, and the Indians came every day to inquire for him, sitting down quietly in

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a corner, their hard faces showing great pity, and then going out softly.

When the little boy died, among those who came to show their grief was the chief medicine-man, "Wolf Lies Down," who sobbed aloud.

Let us hope that by all the new experiences and teachings that are coming to them many will be led to give their hearts to Jesus.

In the United States alone there are sixty different Indian languages spoken. Many of these Indians are civilized, but a few are still savage.

In addition to the Indians in Oklahoma, around the agencies of Anadarko and Fort Sill, Kiowas, Comanches, Caddoes, and Wichitas, — there are other most interesting Indian tribes living farther west. Among these are the Mokis and Zunis of Arizona and New Mexico.

Some of Our Little Indians

THE Murrow Indian Orphans' Home at Atoka, Ind. Ter., contains thirty-six boys and forty-six girls, bright happy boys and girls; outside of school hours they are busily employed in industrial work: housework, sewing, dressmaking, cooking, weaving of mats and baskets, and beadwork — what a set of merry toilers!

The teachers in their annual report said: "Last fall, when some came, they were dirty, ragged, and wearing two or three dresses, each sewed on top of the other. They showed few signs of civilization. The change both in appearance and bearing is very marked as they begin to imitate those around them and take on culture and refinement.

"Many could not speak one word of English, but now can understand ordinary conversation and can speak intelligibly. They have accomplished much in school work. . . . In looking back over the months that have passed, we need not ask 'Does it pay?' for we know it does. We feel that the boys and girls have grown in grace and developed in character, so that they are more able to encounter the temptations they will meet."

Thinking Jesus

HOW many of our little folks are as careful in their preparation for the Sabbath Day services as the Indian about whom Miss Isabel Crawford, of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society, told us at our National Anniversaries? He said he made his body very clean from head to foot, and then, instead of laughing and chatting idly with his friends — to use his own words — "I sit down and *think* Jesus until it is time to go." How many of us "think Jesus" just before church time, and how many keep our thoughts fixed upon the precious truths which are brought to us Sabbath after Sabbath? Let the Indian teach us all a lesson for the future.

Another Indian said he did not think the Jesus' House was the place in which to laugh and say funny things. He said, "When we get to the door we must leave our funny, and when we go out we may pick it up again."

The Indian's Way

THE Indian counts time by the day. He points to the sky and measures off space, "as long as it would take the sun to go from there to there." As he has no hours, he counts from daylight to dark, and the night is called "sleep." Instead of months he says "so many moons," or "from winter to winter," where we would say "from year to year." The year or winter begins with the first fall of snow. He has no birthday, because he has no day nor month nor year; and if you ask him how old he is, he will say, "So many winters old." — *The Day Star.*

BEAUTY is God's handwriting — welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness.